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MEMORIES OF A BUSY LIFE¹

GENERAL CHARLES KING

THE WAR WITH SPAIN

Major General Merritt, my old-time commander in the Fifth Cavalry, had been hurried to San Francisco to organize a corps of twenty thousand men, with two division and four brigade commanders, and he at once wired to the War Department, asking for me, his adjutant of the Indian war days. At the same time he wired to me at Milwaukee. I received his invitation with gladness, and when two days later there came a wire from the War Department asking if it would be "agreeable" to me to go with General Merritt to Manila, I replied at once, "With Merritt anywhere," and asked that my commission be sent to his care at San Francisco, expecting to start at once.

But the orders did not come. General Greene, for whom I knew Merritt had also applied, had passed through Chicago en route to join. General MacArthur was at the Plankinton in Milwaukee, daily expecting his orders, but not until the fourth day did they arrive. Mine was curiously worded: "This being an original appointment you must go to San Francisco at your own expense." Blow the expense! I would have gone all the way to Manila at my own expense if that were all that kept me waiting and worrying over the delay. The papers announced that Gen. T. M. Anderson with the first brigade had started, and General Greene, Generals E. S. and H. G. Otis had arrived in camp before I got the word to go. Four days later I was with General Merritt in San Francisco, wearing my uniform as a general officer of the Wisconsin Guard, found General Greene just ready to start with the Second Brigade, and a raft of

¹ This article is a continuation of the author's reminiscences, parts of which have appeared in the March and June issues of this magazine. Another installment is being prepared by General King.

Regulars wondering how in blazes a retired captain could so suddenly blossom out into a brigadier. Few of them knew that I had been for over seventeen years the instructor of the Wisconsin troops that had been called into action, and that when Wisconsin was ordered to furnish a brigade, her two senators, Spooner and Mitchell, at once urged that Wisconsin be permitted to name the brigadier, and the only name they placed before the President was mine.

Reporting for duty in camp, I was assigned by Maj. Gen. E. S. Otis to the command of the Second Provisional Brigade (First Idaho, Thirteenth Minnesota, Twentieth Kansas, and First Tennessee). An important meeting was held at the headquarters of General Otis on the morning of the thirteenth of June, at which were present General Merritt, the corps commander; General Otis, the division commander; Gen. Marcus P. Miller, commanding the First Provisional Brigade; General MacArthur, who had just arrived; General King, commanding the Second Provisional Brigade; and a few staff officers. Addressing the camp commander, General Merritt said: "And now, General Otis, we have started the first and second expeditions; I wish the third to be placed in readiness to leave about the twenty-fifth, General King to go in command."

I regarded this announcement as confidential and said nothing about it to my little staff, and was surprised to see the announcement in big letters in the morning paper the following day. A very busy week followed. We were drilling hours each day and making preparation between times for the voyage. The transports were assembling, the stores going aboard, when there came a note from Colonel Babcock, Merritt's chief-of-staff (we had been brother captains in the Fifth Cavalry), asking me to come at once to San Francisco; he had something of importance to tell me. I went, and with no little embarrassment he informed me that General MacArthur had been to see General Merritt, had

pointed out that he was commanding a regiment in the Civil War while I was only a cadet, that he was for that reason my senior in the list of generals (he was by just two places), and as he was present for duty it was a reflection on him to send a junior in command of the third expedition. Merritt saw the point; so did I, though I might have made a similar objection in the case of General Greene, but did not. I rode back to camp almost as sad as when I had to give way to Upham in the spring of '62, yet went straight to MacArthur, congratulated him on his preferment, and told him that had he spoken to me I would have gone with him to Merritt, as I would have gone to Lincoln with Upham, and said that he had the better claim. In the early summer of 1862 Senator Doolittle had taken MacArthur to the President to beg for an appointment at large for West Point, only to learn that Upham and I were already representing Wisconsin on the presidential list. So he went home to become adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin and, before he was fairly nineteen, its commanding officer.

And now he was to go on and reach Manila in time for the one tussle with the Spaniards, he and Greene both my juniors in age and Greene my junior in rank, both to be made major generals as a result of it, while I was left behind to continue drilling volunteers. It was hard luck, but worse was to follow.

Two of the best regiments in my brigade were sent with MacArthur, but in their stead I had received the Fifty-first Iowa, a militia regiment, in very creditable condition as to drill and discipline. Under its lieutenant colonel, however, another regiment had become so slack that Merritt sent for me and asked the direct question, "Which Wisconsin regiment shall I apply for in its stead?"

It was then late evening. "Let me think it over until morning," I replied, and with that we parted; and with the following day came Funston, the young colonel of the Kan-

sas regiment, who had been held in Washington by Lieutenant General Miles because of his intimate knowledge of Cuban affairs, and with Funston came a marked and immediate change for the better. In less than a week Merritt had such excellent reports of the "Jay Hawkers," as the Kansans were called, that Wisconsin's chance in the first army of occupation at Manila was gone.

I now had what was soon called the Union Brigade—Iowa, Kansas, and Tennessee—with three fine colonels, and in ten days their brigade drills and evolutions were worth seeing. Merritt himself left for Manila, placing Major General Otis in command of the three brigades, Gen. Marcus Miller, a veteran regular, Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and myself as the brigade commanders, Otis being my junior. Merritt in going told me that he had directed Gen. E. S. Otis to send me with my three thousand just as soon as the transports got back. Meantime it was drill, drill, drill.

Then came another blow:—Orders by wire from Washington for Gen. E. S. Otis to send the brigade of Gen. Harrison G. Otis, and himself to accompany it. "The President directs" was the wording, and everybody knew why.

During the latter part of the Civil War the Twenty-third Ohio, of which a modest young sergeant, McKinley, was on duty at regimental headquarters, was commanded by its major, Harrison G. Otis, and now the sergeant had become president and commander-in-chief, the major head of a great California paper, and there you were. Again was I overslaughed, as the saying is. Again I congratulated my luckier rival, and then Major General Merriam came to San Francisco to command the Department of California, and presently held the first brigade review of the war, so he said—though I fancy there may have been a few at Chickamauga—and the Union Brigade was called on, and

it was a beauty. Alex. Reid of Appleton was then with us as volunteer aide on my staff, and his description of that event in the Appleton *Crescent* was a joy. Indeed, the major general, a keen drill master himself, was more than complimentary. He had the whole brigade cheering wildly after the ceremony by the announcement that they should go to Manila before the end of the month (August) as a reward for their fine work, and once again we took heart.

Soon, however, came the news of the battle of the thirteenth of August, and soon thereafter General Merritt's announcement that he needed no more troops, and for the third time my hopes were blasted.

Then followed a week of decided depression, and then an inspiration came to General Merriam, who had been most sympathetic. The *Arizona* of the old Guion Line, once the grayhound of the seas, having made the quickest run from Sandy Hook to Liverpool, arrived in port to load up with supplies for Merritt's army at Manila, and to carry over a number of Red Cross doctors, nurses, additional staff officers, etc. The First New York Infantry and the Second Battalion of Engineers had been sent over to Honolulu and were in camp at Kapiolani Park, and they needed supplies, and there had come to our camp at Presidio Heights five battalions recruited in Colorado, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania for the regiments of those states already in Manila, also two hundred men for the Eighteenth Regulars. These men being actual members of organizations already in the Philippines, General Merriam declared it could be no violation of General Merritt's wishes to send them where they belonged. "And," said he, "if you don't mind giving up this fine brigade and taking charge of a single ship load, you shall go in command." I could have hugged him.

Merriam felt sure that they would be needed, for no sooner did Aguinaldo's forces find that the Americans sternly

forbade their looting the homes of their former oppressors, the Spaniards, now disarmed and helpless, than they became turbulent and threatening. In writing to the *Sentinel* in August and September, I made the prediction that the Filipinos would give our little army infinitely more trouble than the Spaniards had caused Dewey or Merritt. Whether General Merriam consulted the War Department or not was no affair of mine. On the sixteenth of August I bade adieu to the Union Brigade, assuring them of my faith that they would speedily be needed and sent after me. Our five battalions were ordered to embark the following day. My two staff officers and I moved aboard (a beautiful cabin, formerly the ladies' rest room, had been assigned to me), and then came a message from Merriam. Bad news: Ordered to hold the *Arizona* until the arrival of certain field guns from Rock Island Arsenal, and again my spirits sank. Something kept telling me the plan would fall through after all.

Three wretched days followed. At last the guns came and were hoisted aboard and stowed below, and nearly mad with impatience I drove up to headquarters to urge that the battalions be marched down at once, and Merriam met me with his whimsical grin:

"Another day can make no difference," said he, "and I've about decided to run over with you myself and have a look at Honolulu. The islands are now part of my command and I ought to get acquainted with them, but I can't get aboard until tomorrow night."

"Then I am betting that orders will come from Washington to stop the whole scheme."

"Don't worry," said Merriam, "it doesn't pay. *You* are going—anyhow."

At last he came aboard bringing a little party of friends, and to him, as senior, I turned over the beautiful cabin, turned Lieutenant Colonel Barnett out of the next best, he

in turn recoiled on the senior major, and so there was no end of moving of luggage at the last moment. By nine at night the last soldier was stowed away between decks, and the last stowaway led, crest-fallen, ashore. At ten General Merriam, tired out from three days' rush work, turned in. We were hard aground, with our heavy load of stores and fifteen hundred passengers and crew. "But," said Captain Barneson, "the tide will lift us off toward midnight, then we back out into the bay and anchor until morning."

At eleven everybody except the sentries, the watch, and so on, had gone to roost, officers and soldiers wearied after the long march in from camp, and still I paced the deck, nervous, apprehensive, sure that something still was destined to happen to checkmate our move.

And at 11:30 it came.

The officer of the guard appeared with a telegraph boy, and the lad held out to me the fateful brown envelope. It was oddly addressed: "Commanding General U. S. Troops, San Francisco, California." Official beyond doubt, and as General Merriam, the department commander, had declared himself simply a passenger on the ship, which was under my command, I was undoubtedly the commanding general of the United States troops at that moment at San Francisco, General Miller being in command of the two brigades still left at camp.

But the instant I opened it I saw that the clerk had erroneously addressed the envelope, for this was practically what the message said; at this moment I cannot quote it verbatim.

Commanding General, WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
Department California, S. F. August 20, 1898.

If General King has started send swift steamer after him with orders to hold command at Honolulu.

(Signed) CORBIN,

who was the adjutant general of the Army.

If only I had not opened it! If only we could have slid away from that pier five minutes earlier! If only I could rip it to fragments! The boy had gone ashore; the single plank had been hauled aboard; we were at that moment just beginning to stir, heavily, slowly, straining at the stern hawsers landward under the impulse of the flooding tide.

And now—just at the moment when after all the disappointment—all the suspense—all the worry—at last had come the longed-for chance to go, with it had come this wretched order to stay!

A moment later, and I stood by General Merriam's bedside. Reproachfully he looked up at me, disturbed in his dreamless sleep. "What did I tell you, sir?" was all I could say, as I handed him the despatch.

There was a sound of scurrying footsteps out on deck, a muffled order, the splash of some heavy object into the sluggish water alongside, some faint sound and stir in the bowels of the big ship, and a sudden throb and rumble far astern, and all at once the big transport seemed to wake up and pulse and quiver and heave, and then Merriam slowly folded the despatch and looked up at me, quizzically.

"Well, sir, do we disembark at daybreak?" I asked.

"No," said Merriam, "don't you hear the engine? General King has started."

The following day we were far out of sight of even the Farallones, and time and again on the week's beautiful voyage to Honolulu (which we reached August 28) I wondered how on earth Merriam was ever going to "square himself" with the War Department. By this time I knew that sooner than have his plans disarranged, he had not reported until almost the last moment that he was sending the reserve battalions on to Manila and me with them. But not in the faintest degree did Merriam show anxiety. We were off. We would stop at Honolulu long enough to land him, his staff officers and guests, the supplies for the

New York regiment and the Engineers. There was then no cable to Honolulu, and there wasn't a steamer in port that could catch the *Arizona*. "You'll be at Manila," said he, "before any contradictory orders can reach you, unless they cable Merritt to send a boat to meet and turn you back. Once there, you and your men will be welcome."

It looked possible, but I felt somehow that something would turn up to delay me at Honolulu, and that orders to hold would overtake us—and they did.

Arrived at Honolulu, we were received by Admiral "Joe" Miller, one of the most popular men of the old navy, and he told Merriam much about the new conditions there that set my senior to studying the situation. There was much interchange of calls between him and the island officials—Governor Dole, Secretary Damon, and others of the old régime—men of charm and culture and high ideals. Then there were the consular and diplomatic representatives of the United States and a number of officials of other nations. Only a few weeks previous the Hawaiian flag had been lowered over the palace, the stars and stripes run up in its place, and Merriam found a large number of prominent British and German, not to mention Japanese and Chinese, business men and residents who were in sympathy with the former queen of the islands and decidedly against American interests.

There was a big parade to the palace grounds, a public reception for my officers and men. The five battalions made a very soldierly show of it, and the Hawaiian band played superbly. The people who met us were most cordial, but they were few in number. Nine-tenths of the populace held aloof.

The *Arizona* remained at anchor out in the harbor. I moved into the cabin vacated by General Merriam, and every day or two went ashore to beg him to say the word and send us on to Manila, where by this time things were

beginning to look squally—so said the Shanghai and other papers brought in by the eastbound O. & O. liner.

“There’s sure to be trouble with Aguinaldo,” was the word, and General Merriam grinned. “Didn’t I tell you?” said he. “You and your men will be welcome. See if you’re not.”

“Then send us on,” I begged. “We’re not welcome, nor wanted, here.” But he wished me to go with him to look at Pearl Harbor, and that took another day—five more thus idled away, and then on the morning of September 3, as I rose early, eager and restless, and looked out to sea, lo, there came steaming slowly in the transport *Scandia*, that we had left deserted at San Francisco. She wasn’t swift, but she could catch General King and the *Arizona*, held as they were at Honolulu, and at noon Merriam came out in the Admiral’s barge, and the guard and I received him with all honors, but with reluctant hearts, for the first sight of his face was enough.

“You are to command the District of Hawaii—the whole archipelago,” said he, trying to be consolatory. The *Scandia* had brought the Washington despatch, received at his headquarters in San Francisco, two days after we cleared the Golden Gate, and his faithful staff had sent it bounding after us, over the 2200-mile run to Honolulu as quickly as the *Scandia* could weigh anchor and be off.

And so, heartsick again, I moved ashore to delightful quarters at the Royal Hawaiian. The five battalions marched out to Kapiolani Park, near Waikiki beach, and went into camp. And then came ten of the most trying weeks of my life. The *Arizona* went on to Manila, with her cargo and her array of doctors and nurses. The local papers duly published the order establishing the military district of Hawaii, headquarters at Honolulu, Brig. Gen. Charles King to command. The guns of the *Philadelphia* flagship boomed their salute to that most unwilling official, whose

first act was to dictate a letter imploring the commanding general at Manila to send for us and not keep us where we were, neither needed nor wanted. I had to look over the ground, and almost instantly took exception to Kapiolani Park as a camp ground. It was low, flat, with lagoons of stagnant water about, miasmatic, as anyone could see and the morning sick report of the First New York and Second Engineers too plainly showed. The water supply was inadequate, the ground not suitable for latrines. Only one battalion could drill at a time, and the post hospital had been established in what had been a dancing pavilion in town, two miles away, and that ramshackle old frame shed stood on piles over what had been a swamp. A dozen typhoid and two dozen malarial fever patients were already there and more were coming. We had only five doctors, and as for nurses, they had all been shipped to Manila.

I went to Merriam with my tale of woe, and found him packing. He now felt that the more quickly he returned to his post at San Francisco the better. The *Australia* was due any moment, and within twenty-four hours he was gone, bidding me make the best of the situation and pay no attention to what the papers were saying. And the papers, British or German owned or edited, were saying scandalous things about the depredations and outrages committed by the United States troops in Manoa Valley and elsewhere before we were a week ashore. Without exception the stories were either false or grievously exaggerated. Of course they were copied by many journals in the States.

We had no supplies for so big a command, except the plain army ration, ill suited to such a climate—no fund for vegetables, fruit, ice, milk, etc. The quartermaster in town said he hadn't so much as a storm flag to hoist over camp, or the money with which to buy one. The District of Hawaii started without a penny of the contingent fund provided all other departments and districts, and there we

were out in mid-Pacific, eight days by liner from San Francisco, and by the end of the second week, two a day our men were dying of typhoid, and the only flag to set at half mast when the solemn little cortège marched out with muffled drums was the one I had brought from Milwaukee—for my own purposes.

Soon after Merriam left, our kind and helpful friend Admiral Miller was recalled to San Francisco, as he was soon to retire, and the day his flagship steamed away we ran the six big bronze guns that were once the pride of King Kalakaua's heart, "by hand" through the streets and placed them in battery, screened by some sand dunes, and surprised Miller with a thundering parting salute of thirteen guns to his flag, and right gallantly the *Philadelphia* boomed her reply as her prow turned eastward for the homeward run. The *Scandia* went on to the Philippines, with some lucky artillerymen, and then we were left to battle with our troubles.

We had one admirable medical officer, Major Morris, of the Regulars, and as our sick list soon overflowed the big wooden hospital he begged for more doctors, nurses, field hospital tents, etc., but they were an interminable time coming. The regimental medical officers were few, and with one exception well nigh inexperienced. Our cares and anxieties increased, and October, 1898 came near being the end of me. I doubt if ever I knew a month of such continuous worry. Sleepless nights and fever-haunted days were telling on many of us. At last came November, and with it news that we were almost too depressed to cheer. Just as Merriam had predicted—for Merritt had quit Manila and gone to Paris—General Otis urged our being hurried to his support. General Merriam was sending the *Arizona*, and on November 7 a debilitated-looking one thousand of the men I had led so jubilantly to the August voyage were once more stowed away on the transport we had so hated to

leave. We pulled out into the harbor, anchored three days to weed out the last of the fever cases that medical science could detect, and on November 10 at last turned our backs on the "Paradise of the Pacific," and then the doctors put me to bed.

I had been vaccinated three days before embarking, and whether the Australian virus was impure or my run-down condition was the cause, most violent inflammation and swelling set in, and I broke out all over. I was so weak and ill by the time we reached Manila, the end of the month, that after reporting to General Otis I was trundled to hospital for treatment that could not be given aboard ship. It was two weeks before I could go on crutches again to see the commanding general, and meantime the suffering from carbuncles and swollen legs had been the most serious I had ever known. All this time, however, the utmost kindness and attention had been shown me by brother officers, and at last Dr. Keefer, chief surgeon, decided that I could leave the hospital and move to the big, beautiful home down Malate way, that had been assigned to me and the officers of my staff. It was most comfortable and commodious, with screened galleries on three sides and broad screened porticos, and the upper floor overlooking that wonderful bay, all the way over to Cavite Point—the monitor *Monadnock* being just off shore, long pistol shot distant, the *Olympia*, Dewey's flagship, and his little flotilla at anchor well over toward the westward shore.

It was mid-December when I was assigned to the command of the First Brigade, First Division; General Ovenshine, who was colonel of the Twenty-third Regulars, commanding the Second Brigade. MacArthur, now at the head of the Second Division, with the brigades of H. G. Otis and Irving Hale, was on the north and northeast front of Manila, and we had the south and southeast, the lines forming a big, irregular half circle inclosing the entire city.

By this time, too, my old brigade had come forward from San Francisco, and was broken up and distributed, Funston, with the Kansans, going to MacArthur's division, the Tennesseans over to Cavite Arsenal across the bay. The Iowans were kept aboard ship and presently sent down to a neighboring island.

On December 15 I had my first look at my new brigade, commanded up to that time by that genial soldier and gentleman Col. "Jim" Smith, of the First California, later governor general. The Fourteenth Regulars, a splendid regiment, led by its lieutenant colonel, Robe, was in barracks only a few squares from my headquarters. The Fourth Cavalry—what there was of it—was in roomy buildings on the broad Calle Faura, the main road over to the Nozaleda, on which General Anderson had his post; and the California regiment was stationed farther back, almost under the ramparts of the old walled city. These, for the present at least, with the guns of the Astor Battery under Lieut. Harry Hawthorne, were to constitute my command.

It took several days to become acquainted with the situation, and I own it looked anything but placid or promising.

Long weeks before we reached the islands with these welcome and much needed reinforcements, the relations with Aguinaldo and his soldiery had become so strained that, while demanding that individually or even in small parties his officers and men should be allowed to pass to and fro without hindrance, Aguinaldo declared the Americans must confine themselves to the city. Every road and bridge leading to the suburbs, such as Santa Ana, San Pedro Macati on the southeast, and Pasay to the south, were strongly guarded by the little brown soldiers, many of them well set up and having been trained in the Spanish ranks. They were well armed, too, with the Mauser or Remington, with smokeless ammunition. Our volunteers

had nothing but the Springfield breech loader, calibre forty-five, with the old black powder cartridge. Thirty thousand strong was Aguinaldo's surrounding army. Less than sixteen thousand was the American force in Manila, which had not only to keep order in the swarming native population, all presumably in sympathy with Aguinaldo, but to care for some ten thousand Spanish prisoners, not that they gave promise of trouble, for they would have been long ago massacred to a man but for the presence of the Americans. They were, therefore, on terms of distant but respectful and soldierly courtesy with their conquerors. Moreover, out there in the bay was that little flotilla of Dewey's, with its eight- or five-inch guns, quite powerful enough to blow the whole town about the ears of the people if they started anything objectionable.

We had but two regiments of regular infantry, the Fourteenth and the Twenty-third, the Eighteenth having been sent to Ilo Ilo. We had a squadron of the Fourth Cavalry, dismounted, a battalion of artillery serving as infantry, one light battery of the Sixth Artillery, minus horses and harnesses, and the howitzers of the discharged Astor Battery, manned by Regulars. We had one regiment of volunteers or militia from each of the following states: California, Colorado, Dakota (North and South), Kansas, Idaho, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Washington, with a battalion from Wyoming, a brace of batteries from Utah, and an old wooden river craft rigged up as a gunboat. In point of numbers that could be assembled on the firing line the insurrectos were rather more than two to our one, but except the luckless thousand that had been held up ten weeks with us in Honolulu, our fellows were in fine health and spirits, well fed, well drilled, regularly exercised, and ready for anything. What they could not understand was why Aguinaldo should virtually be permitted to have his own way.

And here is the explanation. The President and his advisers knew well that their political opponents would eagerly seize on every error that they might make, and following the lead of Mr. Godkin of the New York *Evening Post* and its "umbra" the Springfield *Republican*, a number of anti-administration papers were making the most of the fact that we had accepted the assistance of Aguinaldo and his followers in the attack on Manila, and soon thereafter had ordered the Filipino soldiery out of town.

There was every reason for so doing. The insurgents had fully expected, and their officers and men had been promised, the joy of looting the Spanish stores and homes, and that of revenging themselves on every detested Spaniard against whom they bore a grudge. They spoke of all this with entire frankness, as their right, and were amazed and disgusted that the Americans would not permit it.

It was a touchy time for the administration. McKinley and his cabinet, and strong men like Spooner, knew that we were just where we could not let go. Whether we wanted the islands or not, to haul down our flag and pull out and tell Aguinaldo and his people to help themselves would have been a crime of the first magnitude, since thousands of helpless Spaniards would have been butchered and the fate of their wives and daughters would have been indescribable. Until some stable form of government could be devised, the fortunes of war had made us the responsible custodians of Manila and neighborhood, as well as of the other garrison towns. Stay we had to, and keep the peace if we could. In plain words, General Otis told us his orders from Washington were to hang on until further orders, but in every possible way, short of letting them loot the city and shoot the Spaniards, we were to conciliate the Filipinos. No matter what affront or insult our officers or men received at their hands, not a blow must be struck, not a weapon drawn. The hardest test of discipline ever American

soldiery was subjected to was that through which our fellows passed the month of January, 1899.

Very soon after taking command of the First Brigade, I had asked General Anderson to rearrange matters. I was General Ovenshine's senior in the volunteers, but he was my senior in the old regular service, as was MacArthur; yet the Fourteenth Infantry and the Fourth Cavalry were in my command, while their senior officers, Colonel Robe, Major Potter, and Major Rucker, were my seniors in the permanent establishment. It was a source of embarrassment to me, although nothing could have been more courteous, cordial, and soldierly than their bearing to me on all occasions. But, I had had much experience with state troops, while Ovenshine, one of the most lovable men and gallant officers that ever lived, had had none. I asked to exchange the Fourteenth Regulars for the First Washington, and the Fourth Cavalry for the First Idaho, and it was done.

Then came a month of close association with these far western soldiers at the extreme front—drills by day and vigils by night that kept us in almost hourly touch. "When the blow comes," said General Anderson, "it will be in full force on your front," and there was every reason to say so. With its left resting on the Pasig River at Pandacan Point, and its right connecting with Ovenshine's left at Blockhouse Twelve, my line followed the meanderings of the Concordia Estero, a branch of the river, and was bisected in front of Blockhouse Eleven by the main road from Manila to the populous suburbs along the Pasig and the big towns on the Laguna de Bay and all southern Luzon. Concordia Bridge spanned the Estero one hundred yards in front of the blockhouse. Everything across that stream was Filipino territory, where after January 15 no man of our number was permitted to set foot. The bridge and blockhouse were at the apex of an almost acute angle, jutting far out into the level rice fields and bamboo thickets. It had been accepted

and established before I got there, as had the camp grounds and hospital at Honolulu, and I fell heir to the most undesirable, not to say untenable, bit of real estate it has ever been my lot to control.

I pointed out to General Anderson and later told General Otis how faulty it was from a military point of view, as it brought my men between two fires. Moreover, we soon discovered that the insurgents were throwing up earthworks at night, obviously for artillery with which to enfilade both my lines, to the right and to the left of that fateful stone arch. Both generals admitted it; but, said Otis, to fall back a single foot would give Aguinaldo a moral victory that would be heralded far and wide. Moreover, if we abandoned that angle, where could we place the line? The thronging suburb of Paco was only a short distance behind the blockhouse.

I begged to be allowed to throw up earthworks with traverses to protect my men and enable us to hold it; but, said Otis, to throw up a single spadeful would be to say we distrusted our brown brother, and it would be construed as an act of hostility, not only here but at home. "It can't be done," and it wasn't. And it was right there at that infernal point that we suffered most when at last the assault in force took place.

Four times in January had Otis warning from his spies that the attack in force from without, accompanied by a general uprising of the armed natives within our lines, was set to occur on such a night, and so imminent seemed the danger to the Americans in the city, that he felt constrained to hold one-half the California regiment of my brigade back in town, with the Thirteenth Minnesota and Twenty-third Regulars, so that I had only twenty-four companies of infantry to man a mile and a half of tortuous line. Every day the situation became more tense, the bearing of the Filipinos more insolent; yet our orders still

required that we should salute their officers, show them every courtesy, while they and their men jeered at our sentries, drew "bolos" in their very faces, called them cowards, and dared them to fight.

Moreover, every night now their working parties were spading up the rice fields in our front. We could watch their lights flitting about the walls of Santa Ana, a mile away, and dancing like will-o'-the-wisps from one bamboo patch to another; while opposite my left, close to the river, there stood a big redoubt, hidden from us by bamboo thickets on their side of the slough, but plainly visible from the belfry of the old convent behind our lines.

In all their fighting against the Spaniards their attacks were made by night, the favorite hour being just before the dawn. By day, except in little patrols or squads they kept in hiding. A Filipino officer, with a dozen men, occupied a little guardhouse just across the Concordia Bridge, with a single sentry pacing to and fro on the highest point of the arch, absolutely safe from molestation by my men, whose foremost outpost, a corporal and three men of the Washingtons, crouched by night at our end of the arch that spanned the narrow stream.

Not a night in bed had any one of my people after January 15. Just as soon as it was dark we formed the long lines at the stations, from Artillery Knoll on our right, clear around to Pandacan Point, with two battalions in reserve in Paco village. Brigadier and all, we watched and waited, lying down in our blankets when not actually on post, but ready at an instant's notice to spring to arms.

We were able to discover that the strongest force was opposite my left, a battalion in the redoubt, others in farm enclosures back toward the Santa Ana convent, under the walls of which, trained on Concordia Bridge, were the Krupp guns they had captured from the Spaniards. Thus a strong force was thrust far forward, threatening my left at the

Point and ready to burst through the bamboo and take Blockhouse Eleven and the troops holding the bridge, in flank and rear. Only the Washingtons had I to hold that line, from road to river, but five thousand Filipinos couldn't have budged them. I felt so confident of this that I had laid before General Anderson a plan of battle to which he gave unqualified assent. "Only," said he, "remember that you cannot attack until Otis gives the word. You may have to fight on the defensive for hours."

And so it proved, worse luck! And that was why our losses were so much heavier than those of the other three brigades.

I had gone over to our quarters on the bay shore the beautiful afternoon of the fourth of February, leaving all quiet but vigilant along the line of the Concordia. I needed a tub and change of raiment, and as the breeze off the sea was cool and the cotton khaki uniform promised to be too light for the hours of darkness, I donned my complete blue uniform of the general, with its double row of buttons, then sat for nearly an hour in quiet chat with the gallant old colonel of the Tennessee regiment, who had fought all through the Civil War in the "Light Division" of A. P. Hill, the pride of Stonewall Jackson's corps. We parted finally, he to return to Cavite and his devoted regiment, destined within sixteen hours to die at their head; I to mount my sturdy little war pony, and with only my orderly, Mills, to ride leisurely over to the Paco-Pandacan front.

It was just after dark when we passed the Engineer barracks, and they seemed already to have gone out to their night station, Blockhouse Twelve. But at least a battalion of the Fourteenth Infantry was standing at ease in the square beyond, when, all of a sudden, out of the darkness ahead a horseman came at a tearing gallop, nearly colliding with me as he dashed by—one of Oven-shine's orderlies, as it happened, going in search of me.

What seemed odd was the absence of the natives from their usual haunts, and the darkness that enveloped their homes. Even on the main road over to Paco Bridge I met not a soul. White-robed forms could be seen here and there in doorways, but the streets were deserted. Nearing the Calle Nozaleda, on which stood Anderson's headquarters, I heard the measured tramp of soldiery and came suddenly upon a battalion of the Californians, going out, said their commander, to report to me at the Paco front. It was another case of "everybody up," and this time there was need for it.

Just about 8:40 that lovely, star-lit evening, far to our left rear and over toward MacArthur's right, there burst upon the pulseless air, distant yet distinct, the sputter and crackle of musketry, and the Washington officer of the guard slapped his thigh and called aloud, "By God, it's come at last!"

And so it had, and went spreading gradually westward across the entire front of MacArthur's division, covering the northern half of the city. MacArthur at the moment, like Moltke, was having his rubber of whist at his house on the Solano. It was the last card game of his life, as he said when he came to spend his final years on earth at Milwaukee, and he could never be induced to play again.

Presently the crackling of rifles became punctuated by the measured boom of field guns, and yet all about us on the south front was silent, almost breathless. Every light that had been burning in the native quarters of the thronging suburb had been quickly doused the moment the firing began. Mounting my pony, I rode four hundred yards down the street to Blockhouse Eleven, where stood Colonel Wholley and his adjutant, with a little group of men. One hundred yards farther was Concordia Bridge, with Company A of the Washingtons sprawled in long-extended firing line from the roadway up the bank of the narrow and winding

slough. Over against this was the dark bulk of the Filipino guardhouse—not a sentry nor a soldier visible, yet well we knew that in long ranks they were crouching behind the ridges of the rice fields, in numbers exceeding ours, and that far back across the tree-dotted level, where the lanterns were twinkling under the walls of Santa Ana, were reserves in strong force, and the guns of the Krupp battery and the Lantakas at the pottery on the San Pedro road, trained by day on Concordia Bridge or the blockhouse. What were they waiting for? Why did not they, too, attack?

Long weeks later Señor Arellano told us their General Ricarti was in town that night, that the attack had not been planned to begin until four in the morning but that a drunken Filipino officer, with a patrol at his back, had dared to cross MacArthur's lines beyond Sanpaloc, had refused to halt at the orders of the Nebraska outpost, had marched straight toward the sentry until within a dozen paces, and then was heard the shot that waked the eastern world as Private Grayson let drive, dropped his man, and sent the others scurrying back to their lines, which, carried away by excitement, opened fire right and left and the battle of Manila had begun.

Not until six hours later did the fun begin on our front, and then it came in a burst of fire and, as Anderson said it would, came in full force on that exposed angle, at the apex of which stood Concordia Bridge. In view of the fact that my orders were simply to hold the ground, but not to counter attack, I would have been glad to draw my men from the adjacent sides of that angle, where they must be raked by the guns of those two batteries, and line them up on the base, stretching across from the Concordia on the left to the Tripa de Gallina on the right, with the village and convent walls (which we were forbidden to use or occupy) at our backs. Then, just let the enemy take the arch of the bridge, if they wanted it, and pour confusion into

them as they sought to deploy. But no, "yield not an inch and advance not a foot," were the orders I had to transmit to my Californians and Washingtons, and they lay grim and silent along the banks of the slough, and obeyed.

Three mortal hours that dismal game was carried on. From their lines three-quarters of a mile away the natives poured at first a shower of Mauser bullets at the salient, and occasionally sent the Krupp shells screeching over, but made no attempt to storm or charge our lines, so the only thing to do was to hug the ground, let them waste their ammunition and hold ours until we could see something worth shooting at.

Not until dawn of the fifth was this possible, and then as little by little the scene unveiled before us and we could make out the long lines of insurgents, now well back toward Santa Ana, and the groups of white-clad riflemen extending clear around our left until lost in the bamboo toward Pandacan, I sent an urgent message back to General Anderson, begging to be allowed to carry out my plan, confident that we could sweep the field. Anderson relayed it to General Otis in town, and to our chagrin the answer was, by wire, "Not yet."

Not yet, and every moment we clung to that exposed salient added to the peril of my men. Already Brigade Surgeon Shiels had far more than he could handle of wounded at his first-aid station in rear of the blockhouse. Already out of one little company, A of the First Washington, hanging on to the Estero bank, seventeen lay dead or severely wounded. Erwin, their gallant first lieutenant, a graduate of the Wisconsin Guard as sergeant of Company K, Third Infantry, at Tomah, had been borne to the rear, shot through and through at the breast; while their grim captain, Otis, of Spokane, with half an ear torn away and a long gash across his cheek bound up in a bloody handkerchief, was spitting blood and imprecations at the fate that

held us in the leash when all we prayed for was the word, "Go in!"

It came at last, meeting me riding back from Scott's guns on Battery Knoll, at our right. It came after the insurgents, skulking in the native houses along the main road on our side of the Concordia, had shot down our wounded, drifting in from the front, and we had had to clean out three or four of these tenements, and their flames were driving skyward as General Anderson himself rode up from the rear with the welcome words: "King, you can attack."

The Idaho regiment, at the moment, was massed in the side streets, sheltered by the stone walls. Bidding them follow, I galloped out to the Californians on the right front, sending their first battalion splashing breast-deep through the muddy slough and scrambling up the farther bank. Two companies, obeying the same impulse that had carried the lines of Thomas up the west slope of Missionary Ridge in November, '63, had earlier taken the bit in their teeth, finding the flank fire unbearable, and had cleared a little lodgment for themselves on the opposite bank of the stream where, as the only men who could see anyone to shoot at, and being speedily set upon by the sprawling lines of the enemy, they fired away most of their ammunition by daylight and nearly lost thereby their share of the fun that followed.

We went in just as I had planned, in echelon by battalion, beginning on the right. The First Battalion, Californians, with Lieutenant Haan and his Engineers on their right, marching for the San Pedro road to the west of Santa Ana; the Second Battalion, three hundred paces to the left rear of the first; the Third, of the Washingtons, with its left resting on the Santa Ana road; the Fourth, McConville's battalion of the Idahos on the left of the Santa Ana road, were waiting for the word, as I spurred a very

unwilling pony across the bridge and dismounted a moment beyond the Filipino guardhouse, where lay three of the guard dead, and, with a company of Californians blazing away at the fire-spitting earthworks across the level rice fields, got my first good look at the Krupp battery and the straw-hatted ranks of *insurrectos* supporting it. Now was the time to carry out the plan, and not a moment to be lost. Sending Lieutenant Hutton, my West Point aide, with orders to McConville to head straight for those guns, I galloped to the nearest battalion, already in long line halfway across the fields, ordered its left to halt short, and then wheeled the four fine companies square to their left, driving the insurgents who remained west of the main road scampering before them. The next battalion, taking care of everything in their front, also prevented any attack upon the right of the Third. Then with the four companies of Idahos skipping nimbly into line with the Washingtons, we had that Filipino brigade pinned between the stone walls of Santa Ana, the swift flowing, unfordable Pasig, the Concordia Estero, where Fortson's four companies of Washingtons, moving out as soon as McConville had his distance, were just scrambling up to the attack of the thronged redoubt; we had them where for six long weeks we had been praying to get them, in open field, with the river at their backs, and then at last the poor fellows learned to their cost how their officers, their priests, their papers had lied to them. So far from being in dread, those long lines of blue-shirted "Yankos" were coming straight at them, cheering like mad and paying no heed whatever to their frantic, ill-aimed volleys.

It was all over in ten minutes. Only at the extreme left, the redoubt, was there an instant check. There some of the insurgents, seeing that they were being cut off from Santa Ana, that the American lines had wheeled to the left and were swiftly driving their comrades into the river, stuck

their hats on the butts of their guns and held them high aloft in token of surrender, then shot dead the first two or three of Fortson's men who came clambering up the grass parapet. For an instant, amazed and appalled at such a base violation of the rules of war, some of the men quickly halted; then, with a roar of wrath and vengeance, swept forward in headlong charge just as on the right Sothern's men of the Washingtons, backed by McConville's right company, were ripping their way through the Krupp battery, and all along the intermediate lines, by scores the little brown soldiers were diving into the river, to drown or to be shot in the back as they swam, while some three hundred others threw down their arms and begged for their lives.

One hundred sixty of their misguided fellows lay dead on that field, scattered from Concordia Bridge to the bank of the Pasig, but the dead lay thickest on that wretched redoubt. I fear me there was little mercy shown at that end of the line. Probably sixty or eighty wounded were mingled with the dead, whereas our entire loss was seventeen killed and seventy-nine wounded, gallant old McConville, leading his Idahos, falling mortally hit in the rush on the Krupp battery.

Among the Filipino wounded was an officer who had been employed in the Hong Kong and Shanghai bank, and prided himself on his fluency in English. To our surgeons, dressing his wound, he unbosomed himself, for his mental distress seemed to outweigh his bodily ills. "Often have we fought the Spaniards. We would fire and they would fire, and after awhile we would stop and they would stop. They fight like gentlemen. But you Americans, we fire at you and you *jump up and run at us*. It is not fair!"

Santa Ana town, which we occupied in force before ten o'clock, proved to be quite a storehouse of arms and ammunition. We found two thousand bolos in one building. But its garrison scurried away up stream as our lines enveloped,

and having no cavalry we failed to catch them. They fell back to San Pedro Macati, a mile distant, but had to get out of that, too, when Col. Jim Smith with the right echelon pressed close on their heels, on the Pasig road. So ended Santa Ana, which in point of casualties, numbers taking part, and guns engaged was the heaviest fight of the campaign. My share of the spoils, so to speak, was sent me by staff officer the following week—General Anderson's earnest recommendation that I should be promoted at once to the full rank of major general.

There followed two months of alternate lull and battle. The corps commander, in the endeavor to capture Aguinaldo and smash his army, concentrated most of his force on the line of the Dagupan railway to the north and, to the keen disappointment of General Anderson and myself, for we had pushed ahead and captured the populous island town of Pasig, ordered us to fall back to the line San Pedro Macati-Pasay, and took away so many of my men that I had only sixteen companies left to cover nearly two miles of open line. The insurrectos, who had disappeared for as much as a week from the eighth of February, returned in considerable force and gave us two stirring fights by night, in the endeavor to break through that blue line and go careering on to Manila. But that line held.

Then General Anderson, promoted to brigadier general in the Regular Army, wherein he had been colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry when the war started, was ordered back to the States to command the Department of the Lakes, and there came in his stead to command the First Division our famous Indian campaigner, Henry W. Lawton. He had been quartermaster of the old Fourth Cavalry when I was adjutant of the Fifth. We knew each other well, and the friendship between us was strong. I had parted most reluctantly with General Anderson, and to the day of his lamented death, long years later, we kept up our exchange

of letters, telegrams, or greetings. But if the whole Army had been searched for a successor more to my liking, it could have yielded none to surpass Lawton. We were in harmony from start to finish, but that finish came all too soon.

Lawton was a glorious soldier, and we of the old frontier cavalry swore by him. Sometimes about the camp fires in the Black Hills, toward the end of the Sioux campaign in '76, and again as we marched leisurely home from the Nez Percés campaign of '77, we would get to talking of the men who, still subalterns, had shown the greatest energy and ability in that most trying and hazardous warfare. The Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh Cavalry, the Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-third Infantry had been more conspicuously and frequently engaged in the Sioux, Cheyenne, Nez Percés and, earlier, the Kiowa and Comanche wars than had any others; and while each regiment had its favorite son or sons—men like Philo Clark and Sibley of the Second Cavalry, Emmet Crawford and John Bourke of the Third, Lawton, Bob Carter, and McKinney of the Fourth, Hall and Schuyler of the Fifth, Billy Carter of the Sixth, Garlington and Godfrey of the Seventh, Baldwin and Bailey of the Fifth Infantry, Jackson and Woodruff of the Seventh, and Heyl of the Twenty-third—it may be said that for all-round ability, efficiency, and endurance "Big Henry" Lawton would have polled the heaviest vote.

As a general he had fought admirably in Cuba, yet had not won at the hands of the commanding general the commendation his friends expected, and he came to the Philippines intent on proving his worth, and he would have emerged from that war the popular hero had he lived it through. But he was utterly reckless under fire, and because of his stature and dress and the big black horse he rode, by long odds the easiest mark and the most conspicuous figure on the field of battle.

The first day he and I rode out to my front together, from San Pedro cemetery toward the Guadeloupe Ridge, the men at the guns and the rifle pits were moved to merriment at the contrast; he a towering figure, I short and squat on my little plug ugly of a pony—I couldn't help laughing with them.

But my laughter changed to dismay, not half an hour later, when out in front of our advanced line, in full view of the insurrecto riflemen on the ridge (while I was busy calling up a company to swing out over the slope and drive back the opposing pickets so that we could get a good view of the ridge) Lawton disappeared in the shrubbery, and the next thing I saw of him he was perched, like a lighthouse, on the summit of a rocky mound full three hundred yards out to the front, calmly studying the scenery through his binocular. Clapping spurs to my amazed and indignant pony, I galloped out to him full tilt, forgetful of rank or etiquette, thinking only of his peril. "Come down off that rock!" I shouted. "Come down, or you're a dead man!" And presently, laughing, yet grim, he had to. "You'll break my heart," I said to him a moment later, "if you persist in such performances; and the whole Army will damn me for letting you do it," I insisted.

"But, how else can I see what I need to see?" he laughed, in reply.

"What good will it do you or me if you get killed in seeing. For God's sake don't tempt Providence that way." But it turned out even as I feared. In his white helmet and raincoat, the one prominent object on his fighting line, Lawton fell a few months later, shot through and through in a mere skirmish.

But by that time I was no longer with him to meddle or remonstrate. Even before he came I knew my time was coming. The hot suns of March and April, the constant exposure night and day, the irregular hours for food and

sleep, all had been telling on my strength, and the infernal eczema had come back with redoubled force. Lawton saw I was in misery and tried to spare me. I had lost my fine brigade surgeon and physician, Shiels, who had so helped me during the Santa Ana week. He had been transferred to the north line when MacArthur was having his heavy losses, and the assistants left with us tried everything they could think of, but the eruption and exhaustion grew worse and worse. There came a week when I could sleep neither night nor day, and was carried back to Manila and the doctors. "It's home for you by the first steamer," was the verdict. "A fortnight more of this and you'll go in an ice-box."

Now, during those trying days on the south front Lawton's house was back in town, while my quarters were a sand-bagged corner of the building Pio del Pilar, division commander in the Insurgent Army, had used as his headquarters, and many of his papers were left when he had to quit, and Lawton came out every day and spent long hours at the front. We had limes, ice, the wherewithal to offer cool and stimulating drink to many officers and visitors coming and going, especially while Wheaton, with his flying column, was making things lively along the Laguna; not once would Lawton touch a drop, though he willingly allowed his staff the luxury. He was a Spartan in drink and diet during his days with us, gladly accepting for the wife and children half a box of delicious oranges, such as they had been accustomed to at their own Riverside, for a friend had sent me a supply from San Francisco, but nothing else would he touch, taste, or handle.

Yet a most unpleasant episode occurred at a very pretty luncheon given at the Palace Hotel just after my return. Half a dozen prominent officers and as many charming society women were at table, when in a loud voice the senior

major general called to me across the table, and everybody heard.

"Lawton's drinking again, I hear," said he.

There was an instant of dead silence, then everybody heard me reply:

"Not a drop, sir, and I was with him every day and many a night."

"Well, you know, of course, he was drinking hard in Cuba."

"I do not, sir. This is the very first mention of it that ever reached me."

In such a presence and at such a time it was a flagrant breach of every propriety, and the lady on my left turned quickly to me:

"I don't know General Lawton," said she, "but, I hate *that* man!" And "that man" and I were strangers thereafter. Sheer jealousy and utter lack of breeding explained it. Lawton's last letter to me we treasure in the family, and for them I record here what my corps commander Otis and my successive division commanders, Anderson and Lawton, wrote of or to me after I came away.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 31, 1901.

* * * *

The affair was a brilliant and an important one. Early in the morning [Feb. 5, 1899] General Anderson telegraphed me that General King desired to advance his line against the enemy making a wheel to the left towards the Pasig river, on which his left rested. We were not then prepared for this movement, wishing first to accomplish certain results north of the river where General MacArthur commanded. This effected, I instructed General Anderson about eight o'clock in the morning to direct General King to move his brigade as he (General King) had suggested. The movement was made and resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the insurgents in front of General King's forces, the loss to them of many men, all their artillery, considerable ammunition and quantities of war supplies. The movement was suggested by General King, effected under his immediate supervision and he in person led it, at least in part, I am sure, showing conspicuous gallantry and efficiency. He is entitled to special recognition for this affair, and I hope the present brevet board will recommend that suitable recognition be made of his gallant services.

E. S. OTIS,
Major General, U. S. Army.

MANILA, P. I., March 21st, 1899.

Brig. Genl. Chas. King.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Before leaving this department, I wish to assure you of my appreciation of the zeal, energy and marked ability and skill you have shown in the command of your brigade. I would tender my thanks, but that I am sure you were influenced by the higher motive of patriotic endeavor. My division can never know how hard it is for me to sever my connection with it before the end of the war. As for you, my dear General, I am sure you will find your best reward in the consciousness of duty well performed.

Cordially yours,
(Sgd.) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Major General Com'd'g 1st Div., 8th A. C.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., May 10, 1899.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

Your kind letter of the 6th inst. is here, and I thank you very much, and I regret that your health has made it necessary that you should return to America.

But, my dear General, you have not left us until you have established a reputation for bravery, ability, and skill, that will make you honored by Americans while you live. * * * *

With wishes for your speedy restoration to health,

Sincerely yours,
LOYD WHEATON,
Major General, U. S. V.

*To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
United States Volunteers,*

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, EIGHTH ARMY CORPS,
MANILA, P. I., August 10th, 1899.

*To Brig. Gen. Charles King,
U. S. Volunteers,
Milwaukee, Wis.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: * * * *

I cannot express to you how much I regret the necessity for your return to the United States at the time you did. I want to say to you that you are the only General officer whom I know who possesses that peculiar faculty or that magnetism which attracts men to him; you are the only one of all the General officers who has excited among the men of his command any great amount of enthusiasm. I remember when you left your launch to come aboard the gunboat just before the attack on Santa Cruz, that a cheer went up from all the men in the transports; and you seem to possess that peculiar dash and spirit which carries men who follow you along with you with enthusiasm.

* * * *

Yours very truly,
(Signed) H. W. LAWTON,
Major General, Volunteers.

STATE SOLDIERS' HOME, ERIE CO., OHIO,
October 29th, 1901.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

When you did not receive your well-deserved promotion, you were doubtless disappointed, but I was mortified, because I thought it was from my lack of influence.

* * * * I would state, what is more to your credit, that you did far more than you were expected to do. After holding your share of the San Pedro Macati and Pasay line, you went on and took Pasig and Pateros, which we gave up under orders, and for the retaking of which a great amount of credit was given * * * one month later.

* * * *

When a Brigade or Division has been uniformly successful, some credit should be given to the commanders who have drilled and organized, and infused into them their military spirit.

Very cordially yours,

(Signed) THOMAS M. ANDERSON,
Brig. General U.S.A., Late Maj. Gen'l Vols.

*Brig. Gen'l Charles King,
Milwaukee, Wis.*

RECENT SERVICE

It may be remembered that my spells of ill luck came, as it were, in groups of three. In '93 our bank suspended, our books and papers and furniture were burned, and my wife's injury occurred in quick succession. In '98 I lost in even quicker time the command of the third and fourth expeditions, successively to MacArthur, to Harrison Gray Otis, and then my own, the fifth, was held up at Honolulu. Now came group the third. I planned, having reached home, to go to Europe in the early fall of '99 to join my family and recuperate. I was still undergoing treatment and far from well when I reached Milwaukee. Within six weeks of each other disaster befell my three publishers; Harpers failed, Lippincotts burned to the ground, and Neely, whose notes I had accepted and had discounted because of the needs of the household overseas, was forced into bankruptcy. I stayed home and went to work. It was practically beginning all over again the uphill climb of the previous twenty years.

First there were fair offers for army stories, and later a detail as acting superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy at Orchard Lake. I made enough to bring the family home and start housekeeping on Cass Street, whence we soon moved to Biddle. Then the "Dick Bill," reorganizing the militia as part of the National Army, and making it in arms, equipment, uniform, etc. exactly and in instruction as nearly like the Regulars as possible, with the title of general, as provided by statute law of the United States for officers who had served with that rank in war time in the volunteers. As brigadier general retired, of the Wisconsin Guard, I had thought my days of active duty ended. But the new law provided for the detail of certain retired officers as instructors of the organized militia, and in 1904 I was rejoiced to be selected as one of them, and here, with my old comrades of Wisconsin, up to the date on which I pencil these lines, I have been ever since, one result to which I helped being that in a circular published by the War Department in 1914, to every unit of the Regular Army or the state militia it was announced that, "The Organized Militia of the State of Wisconsin may be taken as a model in training, equipment and business administration." And from that organization grew in great part the famous Thirty-second Division of the Army in France, two-thirds of which was made up of our Badger Guardsmen.

Some rarely valuable men had for long years been my associates and fellow workers—Charles R. Boardman of Oshkosh, on whose sleeves I placed his corporal's chevrons, a freshman at the University in '81, and later Orlando Holway of La Crosse, whom I first knew as a lieutenant in the Wausau Light Guard, being in turn the adjutants general; and Charles R. Williams of Milwaukee, "the whole thing," one might almost say, in the Department of Supplies—ordnance, quartermaster, commissary, and pay. Boardman went to France as commander of the Sixty-fourth Bri-

gade, Thirty-second Division, a first-class leader in every way, until the doctors told him the strain was telling on his heart and he must abandon it; Holway, the head and front of the great work of recruiting and building up the eight regiments of auxiliaries Wisconsin placed at the disposal of the nation; later the State Guard, our defense during the absence of their predecessors; and finally, the calling to life, the organization of the force of ten thousand the Government demanded of Wisconsin, one-eighth of all the National Guard cavalry of forty-eight states being assigned to us—the hardest military task, I venture to say, laid upon any state in the union. In my seventy-ninth year I am still eagerly interested in this work, and but for one wretched mishap might still be in fine physical trim.

On the evening of October 26, 1919, as I reached Oneida Street at the corner of Jefferson, and paused at the northwest curb to reconnoiter, for automobiles by the score were usually rushing in all four directions, I saw not a light on the Jefferson Street driveway, not a light east on Oneida, and the lights of only two cars west on Oneida, coming swiftly my way. Now, it is just fifty feet from curb to curb. It took me at that time just twenty steps to cross. I habitually took two steps to the second, thirty inches each, therefore ten seconds would put me safely over. The forward car was just reaching the middle of Milwaukee Street as I started. It had almost one hundred yards, exactly 254 feet, to come. The second was a short distance behind it. Unless they were coming at thirty miles an hour, I had abundant time. But, before I had taken the ninth step I saw that the leading car was almost upon me. It was keeping well over to the south side of Oneida, because of the light at the intersection of Oneida and Jefferson. I knew that a following car had no right to attempt to pass a leader on its right, so quickening step I easily and safely cleared the foremost car, only to be cut

down by the other on the sixteenth step, hurled to the pavement, my right leg broken in two places below the knee, the fracture of the tibia, as it turned out, extending through the knob or weight-bearing joint, and my back was badly injured. The second car was close behind the first, and instead of following in its trace was running to the right of it within three steps of the curb, just exactly where it should not have been, as the driver could not possibly see anyone crossing from the north to the south side, as I was, and absolutely sure to cut down anyone so crossing directly in front of the leading car. They were running exactly twenty-seven and one-half miles per hour when suddenly they caught sight of me and put on the brakes—too late, of course, to stop their way. They took me, as I asked, to the Emergency Hospital, where a young interne promptly assured me I hadn't a bone broken. I knew better, and my own physician came in half an hour. I was carried to the X-ray room and the rays were sent through from the right side, revealing the transverse fracture of the fibula, but failing to show, of course, the longitudinal split, a far more serious injury to the main bone, the tibia. They put me in "the Roosevelt room," and doubtless would have given me proper care but that half a dozen people were just then brought in from a smash-up, one man with fractured skull, and the doctors and nurses apparently were needed. "Push that button if you want a thing," said the doctor, and after midnight, when the pain became serious, I wanted several things and pushed accordingly, but without the faintest result. No one heard, and I had to grin and bear it until three o'clock in the morning, when a nurse casually looked in. Then the discovery was made that the push button or something was out of order.

All winter long, all spring, and until mid-July the trained nurse rubbed at that injured knee in the effort to get it to bend. The best of surgeons, like our good old

Guardsmen Seaman and Evans, came frequently to see me, but I could never again mount my horse from the ground, and going up and down stairs is a matter of difficulty. God be thanked it was no worse!

(To be continued)